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Home College Series.

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THOMAS CARLYLE.

BY

DANIEL WISE, D.D.



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And what a young man may do in this respect, a young woman, and both old men and old women, may do.

J. H. VINCENT.

NEW YORK, Jan., 1883.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

BY DANIEL WISE, D.D.

THOMAS CARLYLE was born December 4, 1795, in the town of Ecclefechan, Scotland. His father was a thrifty mason. His immediate ancestors were of humble rank, but it is claimed that they were descendants of men who, in earlier times, could boast of lordly titles, large estates, and noble companionships. This claim is uncertain and of little consequence. Thomas Carlyle's world-wide reputation stands not on ancestral connections, but on his unique writings and his rare intellectual powers.

Carlyle's early life was by no means a joyful one, neither was it exceptionally hard. There were no luxuries in his humble home, but there was plenty of such wholesome food as oat-meal, milk, and potatoes. Thomas and his eight brothers and sisters ran about the village street barefoot, but they were kept scrupulously clean by their pious, just, wise, and affectionate mother. This faithful woman taught Thomas to read. His sterner father gave him his first lessons in arithmetic when he was five years old, and then he was sent to the village school.

When two years old Master Thomas showed himself the possessor of the genuine Carlyle temper, by throwing "his little brown stool at his brother in a mad passion of rage;" a deed for which his childish conscience smote him with remorseful pangs.

On the whole, Carlyle's child-life, though not without its shadows was, he says, safe, quiet, wholesome. His parents were not given to much talk in the family circle, and his father, while the possessor of many sterling qualities and usually quiet, "was capable of blazing into whirlwinds" of temper. Nevertheless Carlyle testifies of them that, "No

man of my day, or hardly any man, can have better parents."

Carlyle's father and mother were strictly religious people. They belonged to a sect of Seceders from the old Scottish Kirk, and worshiped in a little rustic meeting-house. They were Calvinists of the old-fashioned type.

Nine years of Carlyle's life were passed amid these home influences. When he was ten, his Ecclefechan teacher, who regarded him as a genius, having made good report of his progress, and his minister's son having introduced him to Latin, his father decided to send him to the grammar school at Annan, six miles distant. Here his instruction was mechanical, and only "moderately good;" his schoolmates, owing to his small size, his quiet, retiring habits, and his fidelity, long maintained, to a promise given his mother never to fight, treated him harshly, nick-named him the Tearful, and his time, as he said, was "utterly wasted;" an assertion which was scarcely true, since by means of "some small store of curious reading," by going much to the craftsmen's workshops, and especially by the help of his mathematical teacher, he made considerable additions to his knowledge while at Annan. His father, feeling confident that he was no ordinary boy, determined to send him to the University at Edinburgh. Accordingly, in the dreary month of November, 1809, this lad of fourteen, guided by one Tom Smail, who had been some two years at college, walked from Ecclefechan to Edinburgh, nearly one hundred miles, in five days, and entered himself as a student of its University.

To this simple Ecclefechan boy Edinburgh was at first a wonderland, and his entrance into association with the distinguished professors and the eleven hundred students of the University, filled him with "awe-struck expectation." But these feelings soon wore off as he settled down to his prescribed studies. These, however, did not excite his enthusiasm, with the exception of mathematics, which he prosecuted

with ardor as "the noblest of all sciences." In philosophy he took little pleasure. The classics failed to attract him very strongly. Hence he says of the University, "I learned very little there." Nevertheless his being there contributed immensely to the direction of his future life. In its library he found much nutriment for the development of his remarkable intellectual powers. Not satisfied with its treasures he explored the shelves of the city circulating library. His craving for books was insatiable, and his much reading, joined to the culture which characterized his associations, laid the foundations of his subsequent literary life, and probably of that dyspeptic habit which clung to him like the shirt of Nessus. His mental strength grew. He learned to rely upon it. A certain "ground-plan of human nature and life began to form itself" in him. His few personal student-friends perceived and confessed his superiority and prophesied his future greatness. Yet such was his shyness and the slowness of his thoughts in the class-room, that he left the University without winning its honors, or impressing his tutors, except in the case of the mathematical professor, with the fact that he was a young man of extraordinary powers.

To his praise be it said that during his University life his habits were pure and simple. Into that charmed circle of the vices which corrupt many young men during their student-life he never entered.

In 1814 Carlyle, having finished his college course, looked out upon the great world to find means for self-support. It was his father's fondest wish that he should become a minister of the gospel, but Carlyle, though he began reading divinity, was in no haste to give his final consent, not having any desire to enter that vocation. Just then a mathematical tutor being needed in his old school at Annan, he applied for the office and was elected. Its duties were not at all suited either to his taste or temper. He hated them, indeed, yet fulfilled them with scrupulous fidelity. He took no in-

terest in the society of the town, shut himself up with his books, and foolishly nursed his dislike of teaching into positive hatred. But he needed the salary; and living at Annan enabled him to be often with his family, and especially with his mother, whom he loved with filial passion. These advantages sweetened somewhat the bitterness of the two years he spent in that town.

From Annan he removed to Kirkcaldy, as the master of a seminary just established by parties who were dissatisfied with the principal of their own school, who was no less a personage than the afterward eloquent but erring Edward Irving.

Could Carlyle have left his fiercely impatient temper, his irritable nervous system, his hatred of a teacher's especial duties, at Annan, he might have succeeded at Kirkcaldy. But this being impossible, his life in the latter place was but little happier than in the former. His position as teacher did not secure him entrance into the very best society of the place. Of those who did receive him he says, somewhat contemptuously, "I have little intercourse with the natives here. . . . We are always happy to meet and happy to part, but their society is not very valuable to me; my books are friends that never fail me." It is no wonder, therefore, that after two years, this teacher, so shy and reserved at one time, so sarcastic and self-asserting at another, so proudly resentful of social neglect, and so full of dreamy imaginations, found his relations to his pupils and patrons so uncomfortable, as to lead him to resign his school, saying, "Better die than be a school-master for one's living."

The bright spot in Carlyle's Kirkcaldy life was his intercourse with Edward Irving. Though he went thither as the head of a school organized as a rival to Irving's, yet the latter met him not only without opposition or jealousy, but with open arms and heart, invited him to his house, offered him the free use of his books, introduced him to his acquaintances, and did every thing that affection could dictate or genius

suggest to make his situation agreeable. This was noble, chivalric conduct on Irving's part. Carlyle expressed his appreciation of it, saying, in his "Reminiscences," "Irving was a brother to me, and a friend then and elsewhere afterward—such friend as I never had again or before in this world, at heart constant till he died."

In 1818 Carlyle took up his abode in Edinburgh for the second time, but with very indefinite purposes as to his plan of life. Doubts respecting the creed of his father's church had caused him to abandon all further preparation for the ministry. Yet he knew not how to settle the stubborn problem of self-support. He had managed to save nearly five hundred dollars out of his school salaries. He could subsist on this sum for a time, since he could live as before on oat-meal, potatoes and butter; but he was ambitious of a great future. He longed to be eminent; but by what steps to ascend the coveted height he could not determine. Seeing that distinction might be honestly won at the bar, he began the study of law. For a few months he found pleasure in that subject, but before two years had passed law books and law lecturers appeared to him "mere denizens of the kingdom of dullness pointing toward nothing but money as wages for all that bogpool of disgust." Then, he adds, "I flung the thing away forever."

Meantime his pecuniary needs had compelled him, in addition to the work of private tutor, on which he had engaged with scant success, to enlist his pen in the service of the book-sellers and magazine publishers. His friend Irving, who foresaw, though somewhat dimly at first, that he was destined to win his laurels, if anywhere, in the field of literature, urged him to enter it vigorously. Following this advice, Carlyle furnished numerous articles for Brewster's "Edinburgh Encyclopedia," and for the periodicals of the day. His essays were well written. They procured him a little money, but brought him no fame. His hour had not yet come.

Two bitter and fierce enemies, his life-long foes, seized upon him during this critical period of his career. One of these, dyspepsia, fastened itself upon his stomach; the other, doubt, now grown into positive unbelief, made its nesting place in his restless heart. The former originated in his excessive devotion to reading and in his poor diet, but was aggravated into almost diabolical intensity by his broodings on the discouragements of his lowly condition, by the morbid egoism which filled him with fret and fume, and by his fierce, long-continued struggles to solve the great problem of religion.

Carlyle, in wrestling, as all thinking men must, with the mysteries of revelation and of human destiny, suffered severe mental agony. "There came," he says, "a trooping throng of phantasms dire from the abysmal depths of nethermost perdition. Doubt, fear, unbelief, mockery, and scorn were there, and I arose and wrestled with them in travail and agony of spirit." Why all this suffering? In his boyhood he had been taught the truth, sadly distorted, to be sure, into a repulsive aspect by being stretched on the rack of Calvinism. It is creditable both to his head and heart that he revolted from its horrible Calvinistic side; but it was both his fault and his misfortune, instead of interpreting the Bible by that creed as he did, that he did not interpret that creed by the Bible. It was his *fault*, because he had seen the effect of faith in the Christ illustrated in the honest life of his stern but upright father, and in the pure, sweet character of his gentle mother. He had also heard from the Christ that his kingdom must be entered, if at all, in the spirit of a little child, by turning the heart toward the truth, and testing its divinity by its effects on the spiritual and ethical nature. But instead of approaching it as a child, he sat in judgment upon it as a critic, seeking to penetrate its mysterious depths by intellectual processes only. He failed, as all do, and must, who expect by "searching to find out God." Gazing at the eternal sun, he grew dazed, blind, and

wretched. The end of the strife was, that he cut himself adrift from faith in revelation. He madly called this fatal departure from the truth "his spiritual new birth." It was, in fact, his deliberate acceptance of that gloomy gospel of despair and cynicism which embittered his own life and poisoned the productions of his powerful pen. Alas, that at this turning-point in his mental history his eagle eye should have failed to see the solution of all life's problems, not in "the everlasting no" of a hopeless skepticism, but in the "everlasting yea" of the love of the living Christ, the Son of the living God!

The tutorship of two young university freshmen named Buller, obtained through Irving's recommendation, for which he was paid a liberal salary, now brightened Carlyle's pecuniary prospects. The young men were richly gifted by nature, and eager to gain knowledge. Their companionship cheered his spirits and was "quite a bit of sunshine" in his otherwise dreary Edinburgh life. His literary abilities were also gaining recognition, and he found a ready market for his writings. His active mind found congenial food in the works of Schiller and Goethe, which he was reading with much zest, preparatory to writing a life of the former, and to translating the "Wilhelm Meister" of the latter, both of which tasks he proceeded to execute. Besides these engagements he kept up an affectionate correspondence with his family, and interchanged numerous letters with Miss Welsh, the lady whom he subsequently married. In this manner two years were passed when, during a visit to London, owing to some misunderstanding between himself and the mother of his pupils, he resigned his tutorship, and was, as he wrote to his mother, "once more upon the waters."

Sitting thus in the sunshine of prosperity, admired by the few friends who discerned the greatness of his mind, idolized by his parents and brothers, esteemed, if not loved by his pupils, and by the graceful Miss Welsh, and with a brilliant

future slowly dawning before him, Carlyle ought to have been a happy man. But instead of possessing happiness he sums up one of these years, saying, "Suffered the pangs of Tophet almost daily; grown sicker and sicker, I alienated by my sickness certain of my friends, and wore out from my own mind a few remaining capabilities of enjoyment; reduced my own world a *little* nearer the condition of a bare, rugged desert where peace and rest for me are none." Poor Carlyle! His dyspeptic fiend was partly the cause of all this misery, which was doubtless much exaggerated; but, as his friend Irving wrote him, its chief cause was his want of spiritual nourishment, the bread and water of the soul—blessings beyond his reach, since he refused to seek them through faith in the blessed Christ.

Carlyle's "Life of Schiller" and his translation of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" were accepted by the literary world as evidences of his ability as a biographer and translator, but did not make him a literary lion. England had not then become familiar with German literature. The "Meister" was too immoral to suit the taste of the reading public. Jeffrey condemned it unsparingly. Carlyle himself confessed that it was immoral, that it contained "bushels of dust, and straw, and feathers, with here and there a diamond of purest water." But he claimed toleration for translating it, on the ground that it contained "a striking portrait of Goethe's mind—the strangest, and in many respects the greatest, now extant." What a lame apology for introducing an immoral book to a nation of readers!

Irving, believing that Carlyle would be lionized in London, prevailed on him to visit that city when he was twenty-nine years old. He was mistaken. The literary world of the day had not as yet become aware of Carlyle's great powers, but looked upon him as a writer struggling after popularity, whose success was not yet assured. Campbell, Proctor, Coleridge, and other celebrities met him kindly, but

not enthusiastically. Nevertheless, an approving letter from Goethe himself both cheered and flattered him. And when he left London he wrote that Irving was "by far the best among the fellows he had met with in that city." Others had been courteous; but Irving had flattered him! O, egoistic Carlyle!

When Carlyle was thirty-one years old he married Miss Jane Baillie Welsh. This lady, who was six years younger than himself, was the daughter of a highly respectable physician of Haddington, who died when she was only eighteen. She was her father's pet, her mother's pride, and was called the "flower of Haddington." Her figure was light, airy, and graceful. Her features, if not positively beautiful, were very attractive, and were lighted by large, soft, black eyes, which were expressive of intellectual vivacity. She was well educated, had been delicately brought up, and had moved in the best society of her neighborhood. Edward Irving had loved her and she had reciprocated his affection. Unfortunately, perhaps for both, he was already affianced, when they met, to another maiden who would not permit him to break his troth. Irving, little dreaming that marriage was possible between parties so socially divided, so externally unlike, so unfitted by tastes, habits, and feeling to be joined in wedlock, had introduced Carlyle to her as a correspondent, and as a genius destined to win high literary fame. That she never loved Carlyle, as a woman ought to love the man she weds, she frankly confessed to him before their marriage. It was not her heart that he won, only her intellect and hand. She admired his great intellectual power. She praised, flattered, idolized it, and finally grew ambitious to be the wife of a genius. Finding himself thus appreciated, Carlyle conceived the idea of making her his wife. She refused him at first very positively and frankly. He persisted, and she yielded, despite her better judgment and the opposition of her mother and family connections. The result

she summed up in brief but pathetic phrase not long before death dissolved the tie, saying, "I married for ambition. Carlyle has exceeded all that my wildest hopes ever imagined of him—and *I am miserable!*"

Carlyle was not conscious that his treatment of his wife was hard, unkind, and unfitted to satisfy the demands of either her mind or heart. Her leading motive in marrying him was to live in intellectual companionship with him, participating in his studies and stimulating his aspirations. This he denied her, choosing to do his work alone, in gloomy silence, and in a repellent, morose temper. Hence, while he was pre-occupied with his pen, she was left to menial tasks too burdensome for her delicate frame, uncongenial to her tastes, and unsuited to her character. Nevertheless, she bore up bravely during the first year or two of their married life, spent in a humble home at Edinburgh, because she had some congenial society to cheer her. But when he insisted on living, as they did some six years, on a dreary, desolate moorland farm, called Craigenputtoch, her trials were well-nigh unendurable. While there he wrote numerous essays, besides that grotesque, indescribable, oracular, scarcely intelligible, highly wrought, yet stimulating, work, "*Sartor Resartus*." This book, though finally very popular with certain classes of readers, came near killing the magazine in which it first appeared as a serial, and went begging several years for a publisher before it appeared in book form.

After six years of life at the moorland farm, the failing health and broken spirits of Mrs. Carlyle, Carlyle's inability to make the farm self-supporting, the hope of bettering his circumstances, and the advice of literary friends, led him to remove to London. Once settled in that great city, he renewed his struggle with poverty in gallant style. Some of his literary friends advised him to give literary and historical lectures, which he did with success, despite his uncouth and unconventional manners. But though he spoke with great

power and wonderful fullness of information, giving much satisfaction to large, cultivated audiences, yet, not feeling at home on the platform, after completing his engagements he deliberately resolved to lecture no more, albeit the pecuniary returns were eminently satisfactory.

Carlyle was now near the end of his long struggle for recognition and for bread. The number of his admirers was increasing. His "History of the French Revolution," which appeared in 1837, became immediately and immensely popular. The intensity of its grotesque style, its graphic word-pictures, its marvelous impressiveness, and its unique, poetic method of treating history, attracted public attention. Some applauded enthusiastically; others criticised it severely; many pronounced it unintelligible; but most regarded it as containing evidence that its author was a man of uncommon ability. Henceforth Carlyle was generally recognized, if not as a "bright, particular star," yet as an erratic comet of rare magnitude in the realm of intellect.

Mr. Froude regards this work the most artistic and best production of his industrious pen. Other equally well-qualified judges give the palm to his "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell." The latter is doubtless less artistic, and contains fewer striking passages than the former; but its real value is incomparably greater. It is the best portraiture of Cromwell hitherto drawn, and to Carlyle's honor be it said that he was the first writer who fully painted Cromwell as he really was. Royalist pens, through two centuries, had smirched his noble character with false charges of selfish ambition and religious hypocrisy. Carlyle removed those stains from his memory, and showed the world that he was a heroic soldier, a great statesman, a true patriot, and if not a perfect, yet a conscientious, Christian, acting up to the height of his convictions.

Our limits forbid us to more than mention Carlyle's essays and political tracts; his "Life of John Sterling," an amiable soul whose faith in revelation had been sapped by his rational-

istic teachings; and his "Life of Frederick the Great," whose arbitrary and cruel character Carlyle vainly, not to say wickedly, seeks to deify. This last work cost him fourteen years of constant labor. It is a mine of facts relating to the times of that monster king, but is in Carlyle's most distorted, unintelligible style, and in his most cynical spirit. Its defense of Frederick reposes on the monstrous theory that might makes right. Like his "Life of Sterling," it deservedly weakened his influence in England, but made him popular in Germany, whose empress thanked him personally when, as the bearer of a flattering message from her husband, she saw him during her visit to England in 1872. And in 1873 he was presented with the Prussian "Order for Merit."

This was his last important literary work. Following its completion was his election as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University. No honor could have been more grateful to him than this. The proudest, perhaps the happiest, day of his life was the one on which he delivered his Inaugural Address in Edinburgh, to an audience of such high character as had rarely assembled in that city. He little imagined in that triumphant hour that a cloud was gathering over his home in London, which was destined to deepen into blackness the gloom which had saddened nearly all his life. Yet the plaudits of his admiring friends had scarcely melted into silence before he was summoned back to London to commit to the dust the remains of the woman whom, forty years before, he had taken to wife. She died suddenly April 21, 1866. He lived fifteen years longer, honored by many because of his great mental ability, but really loved by few. Who could love a soul so grim, gloomy, sarcastic, unquiet, and despairing as his? In his boyhood and youth his mother said he was "hard to live with." His faithful wife had found little to cheer her sensitive spirit in his society beyond the unsatisfying thought that, through her patient ministering, he had grown into the greatness she had foreseen when she became

his bride. And after her death his gloomy mind was made gloomier than before by a newly awakened consciousness that he had not been to her what, with a better appreciation of the needs of her womanly nature, he might and ought to have been; what, indeed, she had rightfully expected him to be when, in the unwisdom of her young womanhood, she had married him for ambition's sake. Hence, after her death, his patient friends found that he was still "hard to live with." His death, February, 1881, was painless. It was the gradual extinguishment of a lamp that had consumed all its oil.

Thomas Carlyle cannot be regarded as an ideal man. Far from it. That he was externally moral in his social life is unquestionable. No stain of outward vice spotted his life. That he possessed a very superior intellect is undeniable. Memory, imagination, insight into ethical truth, force of character, and power to express his thoughts, were gifts with which he was marvelously endowed. But the range of his mental vision was narrow. His conceptions of spiritual truth were misty and nebulous. When he cast off his faith in revelation, and sought to find truth in nature and in men, his unphilosophic mind found itself in cloud-land, wherein it could find no solid standing place, no broad principles to guide it or afford it rest. He had a longing to be a prophet, but could not find the message he was to utter. Hence came those writhings of mind which accompanied his composition of "*Sartor Resartus*," and the half unintelligible, strange verbiage which serves as a setting to the few diamonds which give value to its pages. He wrote vehemently of courage, truth, justice, sincerity, earnestness and good sense, but failed to set forth those spiritual motives which are the only roots on which human duties to God and man will grow to perfection.

His religious life, if he can be said to have had any, was little more than an uncertain trust in the God of Nature. Assuredly his faith, whatever it was, gave no rest to his soul.

It was, indeed, utterly ineffective in that it did not make him *inwardly* moral. It left his natural selfishness free to grow like a weed in rank soil, until it made him the most conspicuous egoist of his generation. It did not beget that sympathy with suffering humanity, that divine charity both for the individual and the race, which is the most beautiful ornament of the human soul. Whom did Carlyle love? For his parents, especially his mother, his brothers, and his sisters, he did cherish genuine affection. But we look in vain for evidence of his love to any other persons. Perhaps at one time he loved Irving, the friend of his youth, but his "Reminiscences" show the decline, if not the death, of that affection. That he had a kind of regard for the woman he married must be admitted; but it cannot be claimed that he ever loved her with an affection sufficiently deep to make the sacrifices needed for her happiness. She idolized his genius, and he accepted her worship, but never reciprocated it with those tendernesses and delicate attentions which are essential to the happiness of a refined woman in her marital relations. How he regarded Jeffrey, Mrs. Buller, Chalmers, and indeed all his literary and other friends, is seen in his cynical comments on their characters in his "Reminiscences." As to men generally, he regarded them with unconcealed contempt. He had no sympathy with reformatory movements, but sneered at their supporters with a cynicism worthy of Diogenes. His sympathies were not with the weak, but the strong; not with the slave, but his master; not with the masses struggling for more bread and higher freedom, but with the few whose might enabled them to tread upon the many.

That his startling sentences touching moral duties stimulated some of his readers to think and to act, is no doubt true. It is equally true that his unconcealed contempt for revealed religion promoted infidelity. With the exception of his "Cromwell" and a few of his biographical and other essays, it may be questioned whether mankind will ever de-

rive much moral benefit from his writings. Assuredly the value of his life-work to society is altogether disproportioned to his genius. And to what must we attribute his failure to be a mighty power for God, if not to his unfortunate renunciation of his early faith in revelation?

One of his biographers, W. H. Wylie, is of the opinion that during his last years Carlyle's mind tended back toward the faith of his boyhood. His opinion rests mainly on a conversation reported by an unknown American visitor, to whom Carlyle said: "A good sort of man is this Mr. Darwin, and well meaning, but with very little intellect. Ah, it's a sad, a terrible thing to see nigh a whole generation of men and women professing to be cultivated, looking around in a purblind fashion, and finding no God in this universe. I suppose it is a reaction from the reign of cant and hollow pretense, professing to believe what in fact they do not believe. And this is what we have got to. All things from frog-spawn; the gospel of dirt is the order of the day. The older I grow—and I now stand on the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the Catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper it becomes, 'What is the chief end of man? To glorify God. and enjoy him forever.' No gospel of dirt, teaching that men have descended from frogs through monkeys, can ever set that aside."

This, with one or two kindred observations, it is urged, show that this strange man inclined at last to re-accept that revealed truth which he had once so positively renounced. It is a slender foundation, indeed, on which to build such a plea. It is more likely that his belief remained to the last his peculiar type of Deism, which comprehended man's immortality and responsibility, but rejected his salvation by Christ, with the other doctrines of Holy Writ. It was a belief that never made him either a happy, loving, or lovable man, which may curse, but can never bless mankind.

Miseries of Unbelief: Blessedness of Faith.

TAKE heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God.

For unto us was the gospel preached, as well as unto them: but the word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it.

And to whom sware he that they should not enter into his rest, but to them that believed not?

For what if some did not believe? shall their unbelief make the faith of God without effect? God forbid; yea, let God be true, but every man a liar.

Unto the pure all things are pure; but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure; but even their mind and conscience is defiled.

Let no man deceive you with vain words: for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience, (unbelief.)

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory: receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.

Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?

Be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

[THOUGHT-OUTLINE TO HELP THE MEMORY.]

1. Birth? Father? Ancestors? His real reputation based on what?
2. Early life? Food? Home teachers? Temper? Religion of parents?
3. Several steps of his education? Mental characteristics? Habits?
4. After college—his first work? Success as teacher?
5. The magnanimous friend at Kirkcaldy?
6. Second residence in Edinburg? Occupation? Two "enemies?" Why his mental agony?
7. Tutorship? German authors? Correspondence? Reception of his Biography of S— and translation of W- M?
8. In London—Irving's mistake? London friends?
9. Marriage? History of his wife? On the farm? Again in London—work? Literary standing? List of his works?
10. Lord Rector? Sudden bereavement? His death? Moral, intellectual, and religious life? Religious influence of his writings? Carlyle, Darwin, and the Catechism?

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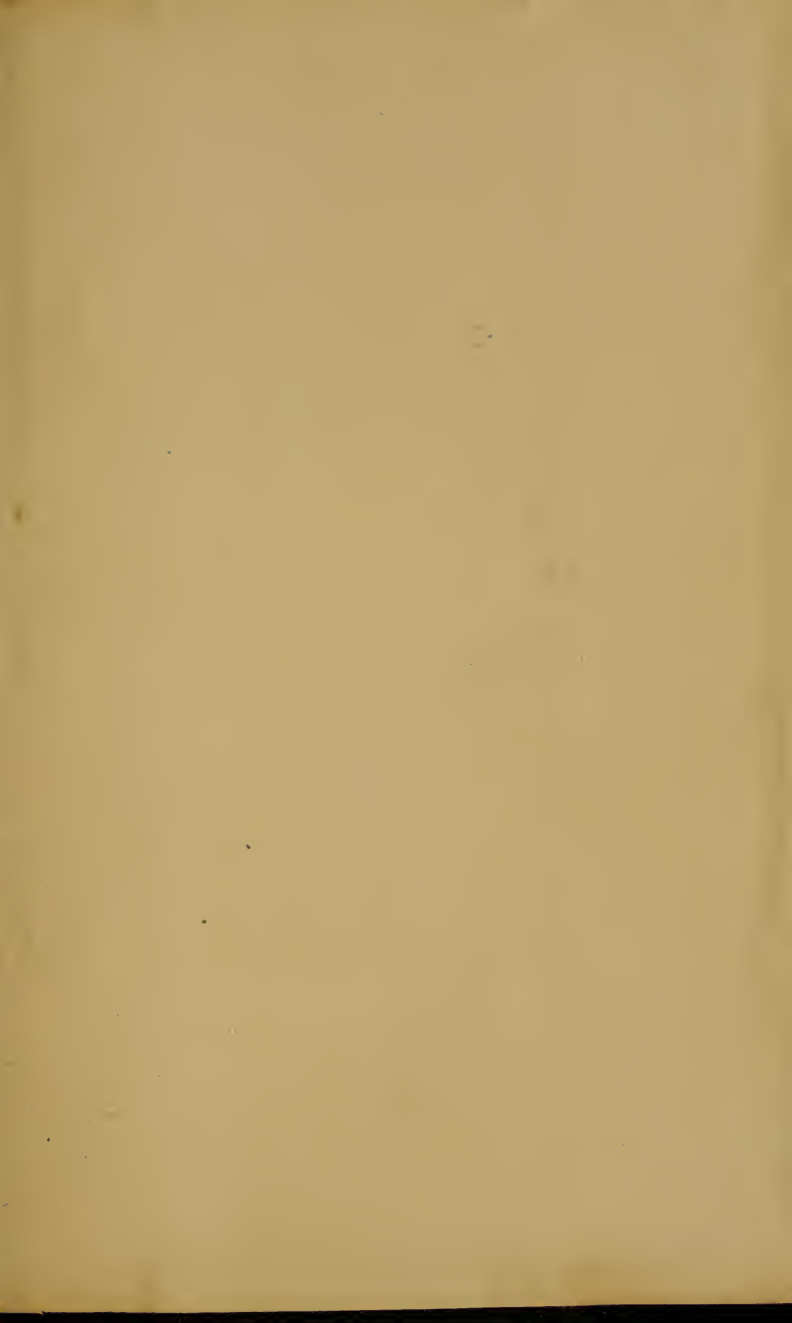
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